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Versatile Verse

BY

John de Witt

“Don’t you smile for a while,
With an Ad Club man,
And help him make life worth the living?
For a smile’s worth the while,
In Sunny Spokane,
Where we get what we get...
first...through giving.

VERSATILE VERSE is a Spokane production. Mr. John Senfelder of Spokane made its production possible. Mr. Little, the Artist of the Spokane Chronicle, designed its cover. Mr. Frank Palmer, Spokane photographer, supplied most of the pictures, which were photographed by him within a hundred miles of Spokane. The Spokane American Engraving Company made the cuts for these pictures. The McEachern Printing Company did the press work. C. W. Brooke the Intertypey, and John de Witt wrote the poems.

Versatile Verse was produced without the aid of a single advertisement or the promise of an order for a copy.

The poems on Davenport's Cleunner Heater, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Great Big Baked Potato were written without the knowledge of the gentlemen interested, simply as a tribute to their splendid ability and aggressiveness in putting and thinking out great undertakings—for the benefit of others—without the certainty of a return. I have received great courtesy at the hands of Mr. Ude of the Northern Pacific, Mr. Warner of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Mr. Munson of the O. W. R. & N., and Mr. Scherr of the Great Northern, who assisted me in every way to obtain my picture and cuts. They are the best of good fellows, and I wish there were more like them. Thanks are due to Mr. Root for the picture called "Down," which is a poem also to Mr. Tidby for that of Miss Spokane.

What I have done other people can improve on, so take from your shelf those good things which you have hidden away and give them to the world that others may enjoy them.



A large, flowing cursive signature in black ink, reading "John de Witt".

If you want to help the Community,
Make the most of—Opportunity.

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A PARADOX

This is Myself—a Paradox,
Not very much, yet a great deal,
Not very much, when thinking of myself,
Yet, a great deal, when thinking of the other fellow.
What is called Life, is only Tears and Sunshine.
The Tears, I may kiss away,
The Sunshine, I may drink in,
And then let it shine out again,
Just to warm the other fellow with,
And drive away the rain.



John de Witt

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By
JOHN DE WITT
1915

COL. JOHN DE WITT, formerly Musical Editor of the American Press Association of New York, was the first man to put a music page in the newspapers of the United States and Canada.

Many prominent actors and singers have featured his songs. His poems and epigrams have received wide commendation at the hands of some of the world's best known authors and lecturers.

He was a member of Company F, First Virginia Regiment; was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and married in Kentucky.

As a southern dialect story teller, he is said to be unsurpassed, most of his stories being his own.

His experience as a traveler and student of character, backed by an artistic temperament and natural gifts, have permitted him to draw his pictures from a rich storehouse of personal experience.

The papers of the country say of him, "He is a speaker of great forcefulness, earnestness and dramatic ability, with a large fund of humor and pathos, which he draws upon at will."

On four different occasions he has made addresses—on character reading—to the salesmen's classes of Spokane, at the request of Mr. Sturges, the well known teacher of the Knox School of Salesmanship.

You smile at his humor—your heart is touched by his pathos—and you look upward and outward upon life, when you get a view of his optimism, as shown in his charming little volume entitled, "Versatile Verse."

300
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m.



Chas. Libby—Spokane

MISS SPOKANE
The
DARLING OF THE GODS

SPOKANE AD CLUB
STEIN SONG

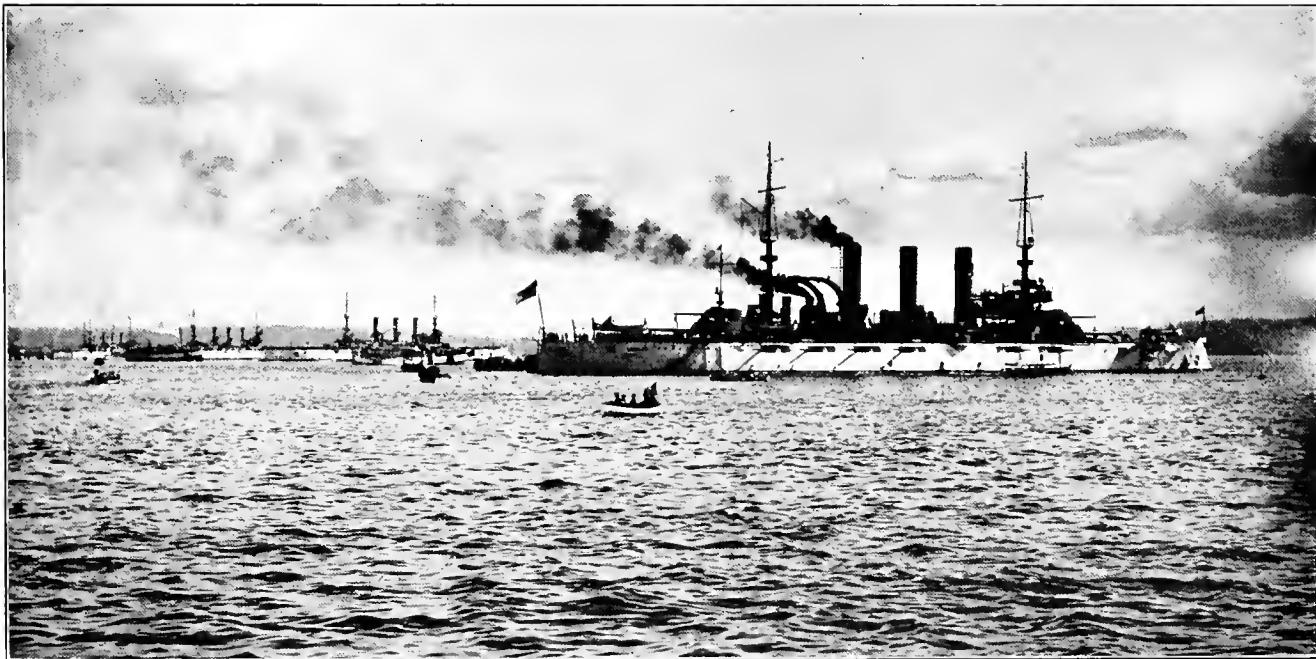
Tune—Heidelberg

BETTER than all of the world to me,
Is a crowd that's always jolly,
Brimming with happiness, joy and glee,
With the clasp of their hands in mine.
Away from the office, from care set free,
They laugh at a little folly,
So, come, let us drink, as our glasses we clink,
This toast with a flowing stein.

Chorus

Here's to our hosts, the best on earth—
Here's to our longer stay,
Here's to the Ad man everywhere,
And here's to his girl today.
Here's to the flag we proudly fly,
That swings from its staff above,
And here's to our best girl—Miss Spokane—
She is the girl we love.

Better than life is the loyal friend,
Who adds to the Ad man's pleasure.
Sparkling and bubbling new life we lend,
When warmed by a love divine.
Better than life is the hour I spend,
As I tread with my girl, a measure,
So, come, let us drink, as our glasses we clink,
This toast with a flowing stein.

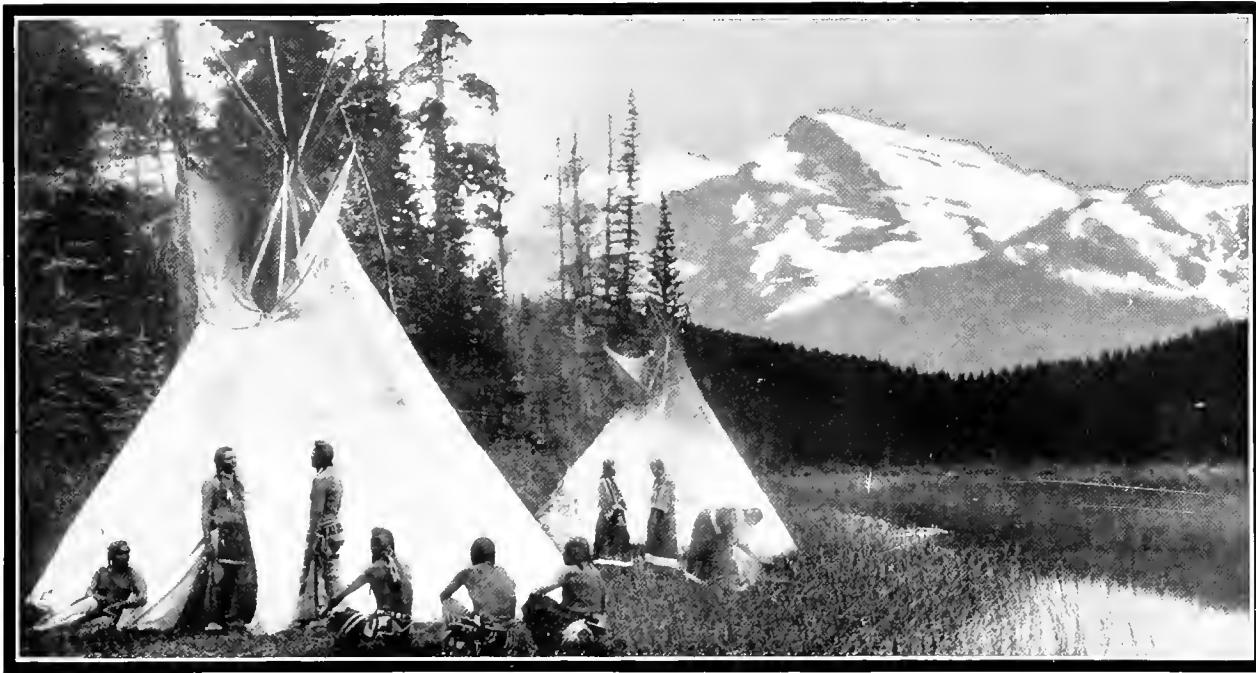


Palmer—Photo—Spokane

SPOKANE'S TOAST TO THE FLEET

HERE'S a toast
From the coast
And the City of Spokane
To the greatest fleet,
And ships so neat,
To each officer and man:
May you sail the seas
Where'er you please,
The peer of every ship and man.
We don't mind the rest—
You are the best,
So think we in Spokane.

Here's to the Flag,
Our dandy Flag,
To the Navy and each splendid man.
We have money to spare
And men—everywhere
When you need them—in Spokane.
We're not much on talk,
But just take a walk,
Every one of you who can,
To the city where the sun,
Shines each day for everyone—
There's a welcome in Spokane.



Glacier National Park. The Summer Camping and Fishing Grounds of the Blackfeet Indians
on
Great Northern R. R.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

I LOOK upon my Indian guide,
And see his Tepee near;
His squaw is working by his side,
While he is resting here.
But yesterday—with lordly air—
He roamed these peaks and hills,
The monarch of a vast domain,
Its rocks, and plains and rills.



Pacific Ocean Breaking Upon the Rocks
at
Long Beach, Wash., on the Oregon-Washington R. & Nav. Co.

THE DERELICT

ONLY a Bum—adrift upon the Sea of Life.
In everybody's way—dismasted—without home or wife.
A derelict—floating with the stream,
Yet not the fellow that I seem,
For underneath, stowed away in the Hold somewhere,
Is my Soul, that needs the loving care,
Of Someone, somewhere, to make me a man again, everywhere.



Looking up St. Mary's Lake from Going-to-the-Sun Camp, one of the most awe-inspiring scenic vistas in Glacier Park. The richness of coloring of Sky, Mountains and Water is indescribable
Great Northern R. R.

ST. MARY'S LAKE

I DREAMED that it was yesterday,
And I was in a garden fair
Belonging to some God.
The sunshine was magnificent
And shone upon a snow-capped peak,
Like Sentinel with sword.

There at its feet a mirrored Lake,
Lay smiling like a restful babe
Whose mother watches o'er.
And every cooling breeze that blew,
Just kissed your cheek and rested you,
And made you wish for more.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

ONE night—it was just after Christmas,
When the things were still on the tree,
I dreamed that the toys were dancing,
As happy as ever could be.
Policemen waltzed with the Darkies,
And Dollies with every Clown.
There never was a happier crowd,
I think, in all the town.
The Monkeys swung from the branches,
The Indians tried to scalp me,
The Angels flew just above us,
Singing their Jubilee.
But when I tried to call Mamma
To see this funny show,
I found that I had been sleeping,
It was only a dream, you know.
I woke with a pain in my stomach,
I felt I was going to die.
I found it was something I'd eaten,
That great—big—piece of pie.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane
CHRISTMAS SCENE
on the
“Milwaukee”
I. and W. N. R. R.

LITTLE NED'S CHRISTMAS

I SAY, Santa Claus, when you come with your toys and reindeer sled,
Don't forgit, there's a little boy, awful small, whose name is Ned,
Who ain't got nothin', and won't have nothin' if you forgit to stop.
'Cause I ain't got no money to buy none from the shop.
I think I could handle a real big drum,
An' one of them tops what spins, and makes things hum.
My pa's gone—got lost, I guess,
And ma, she's havin' an awful mess
Jess tryin' somehow to make things go.
She ain't got no money, so I don't stand no show.
You're all right—so ma's big stocking I'll hang,
Right by the winder, and then that drum I'll bang
"Till all the boys will say, "That's Little Ned
Jest er bangin' the top off his new drum head."
And the orange will stop the hole in ma's toe,
And the candy—I won't tell yer where that will go.
But I'll be the proudest kid in all the land
An' the kid that says: "No Santa," why—I'll lick him to beat the band.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

AFTER BEAR
Northern Pacific R. R.

DAT YALLER DOG

I 'M ER Yaller Dog, in er nigger's yard,
Wid no pedigree, an' dat's kind ob hard;
But de pickaninnies, dey play wid me,
An' bat my eye till I couldn't see.
But dey lubs me jes' like one ob dere own,
An' dey throws me out er many er bone.
Ain't much on style, but am dere jes' de same
When dat nigger gits in de huntin' game.

I helps dem catch dere Possums, too,
An' watches when dey cooks dem, too;
I foller dat nigger what carries de gun,
When anything's wrong, you should see me run.
When he goes fishing, I gits in de boat,
An' lays right down on dat nigger's coat,
I sit up nights and bay at de moon,
I'm a Yaller Dog, an' belong to a Coon.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

THE GARDEN OF BANISHED CARE

I KNOW of a beautiful garden,
The Garden of Banished Care,
Where the flowers are ever growing,
And only rest is there.
The world with all its follies,
Is shut outside its gate,
And Love alone may enter,
With Friendship for its mate.
The Violet and Forget-Me-Not,
In truth a royal pair,
We find them both well hidden
In that garden of Banished Care.

And we watch the Merry Widow,
With the purple in her cap,
And I pick the tiny buttercups,
And lay them in your lap.
With you and I in that garden,
'Tis just like Fairy-land,
For we breathe the flower's perfume,
And walk there hand in hand.
And though no word is spoken,
Yet Love is ruler there,
And brings to us a message,
In that garden of Banished Care.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

SPIRIT LAKE, IDAHO—OLD BALDY IN DISTANCE
on the
"Milwaukee"
I. & W. N. R. R.

OLD BALDY'S WOOING OF SPIRIT LAKE

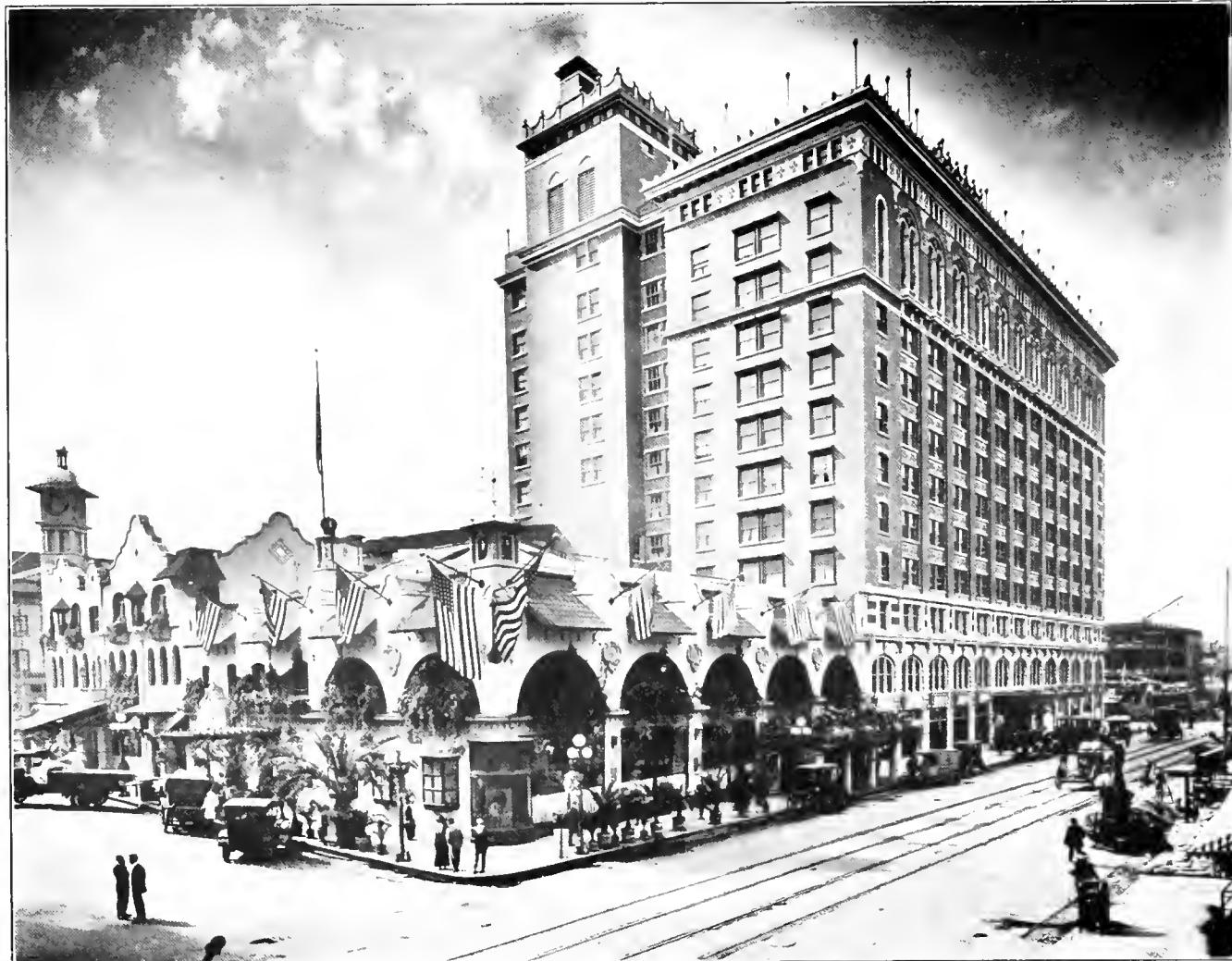
Shaw-nee Lodge, Spirit Lake, Idaho

THE Spirit of the Mountain watched the Spirit of the Waters
As she nestled with contentment in a valley at his feet.
He said, "I'll go a-wooing;" so he sent the Zephyrs cooing
Till they filled the lake with laughter, making ripples for his Sweet.

Then she hunted up her fetish, and shook her hair coquettish
At Old Baldy in the distance, as he looked with longing eyes,
And said: "I'll never marry till a cap of fir you carry,
Then, I'll think about it, Baldy, and decide if it is wise."

The Mountain got so angry that he shook with rage and trembled,
So he gathered all the storm-clouds and he covered up his head.
He said, "I know a maiden, and I think her name is Hayden;
I guess I'll make a call on her, and see if she will wed."

But Spirit did not like this, so she called on Sun, her brother,
Who melted all the storm-clouds till he left Old Baldy bare,
Then burnt his back so badly that Old Baldy very gladly,
Renewed his old allegiance to his Spirit Lake so fair.



DAVENPORT'S—THE MAGNIFICENT
SPOKANE

DAVENPORT'S

ONCE a girl from Spokane
Made a trip to the East,
Where she saw everything.
And all things were a feast.
When she got to New York,
Why, she went for a walk.
Saw the buildings so high,
They reached up to the sky.
Tried the Subway and L—
Saw the Avenue belle.
Went to every big Park,
Saw the city by dark.
Went to Bronx and the Zoo.
To the Theaters, too.
Made a trip with some swells,
To the biggest hotels.
There a newspaper man,
Then remarked, "Has Spokane--
Any hotel like this?
Why, to live here is bliss!"
"Oh!" she said, "I don't know;
Makes a pretty good show,
But for real resorts,
You should see—Davenport's."

Designed by an Artist.
A pyramid of wonders.
Voices sing its praises.
Everywhere it's hospitality.
None have better service.
People long to stay here.
Order what they wish for.
Return delighted and satisfied.
Tell their friends to
Stay at Davenport's.

THE MESSAGE OF THE WIND

WHEN the wind blows through the treetops,
And the branches sing a song,
It carries on a message,
That makes the weak one strong.
It whispers to the lover,
"Take courage, lad, and try,
For 'No' is not her answer,
Just watch her laughing eye."
It sings around the cabin,
And cheers the lonely wife,
"He did not mean to stay, dear,
He loves you best in life."

It laughs with laughing people,
It moans when someone cries,
It blows aloud in anger,
When some poor woman sighs.
It whistles for the children,
It roars a chorus loud—
As gentle as a zephyr,
When babies crow aloud.
'Tis all things to all people.
To some it whispers low.
But don't you get him angry—
For then you'll hear him—blow.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

HUNTING SCENES
on
Northern Pacific R. R.



PACIFIC OCEAN—LONG BEACH, WASH.

on the
Oregon-Washington R. & Nav. Co.

ALONE ON THE COAST

WHERE the waves roll in from the ocean,
Where they break with a song at your feet.
Where the sea-gull laughs in the sunlight,
Where the sand make a royal seat.
Where the salt air reminds of a vintage
So old that it makes you feel young.
There I drink in its breath and I glory,
At the rest and repose I'm among.

Where I pick up the sea shells often,
Where I watch some unwary fish,
Where the breeze makes the sailboat heel over,
Where the look in mine eyes is a wish.
Where the light in the distance flashes
To guide the poor mariner right,
There your thoughts, and my thoughts are united,
As the stars turn the day into night.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

Our Best Fisherman—Catching Trout up the St. Joe River, Idaho
"Milwaukee" Railroad Scenery

UP THE ST. JOE —IN IDAHO

YOU want to go,
Up the St. Joe,
In I—da—ho.
You might take your girl,
Where the waters swirl,
In a constant whirl.
All you need is a hook,
For the trout will look,
From some hidden nook.
Then you cast your line,
Long before you dine,
For the fishing's fine.
And you get a strike,
Just the kind you like,
It's a Trout—not a Pike.
And, I say, pard,
You play him hard,
For he is on his guard.
And if you are wise,
You may land a prize
Of the five-pound size.
That's why you go
Up the St. Joe,
In I—da—ho.



Lake McDermott—In the Heart of Glacier National Park
Great Northern R. R.

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

O H! Scenery divine,
The world is mine—
For when I look on depth and height,
It is so grand,
I see the Master's hand,
In every snow-capped peak so white.
Whose lovely lakes are these?
What cooling breeze,
Is this I feel upon my face?

Who made those pines so tall?
Each waterfall?
Who made this Heaven's resting place?
It is so wondrous still,
I drink my fill.
And then—look up beyond the sun,
To thank my loving friend,
Who chose to lend,
This Artist's masterpiece—Well done.

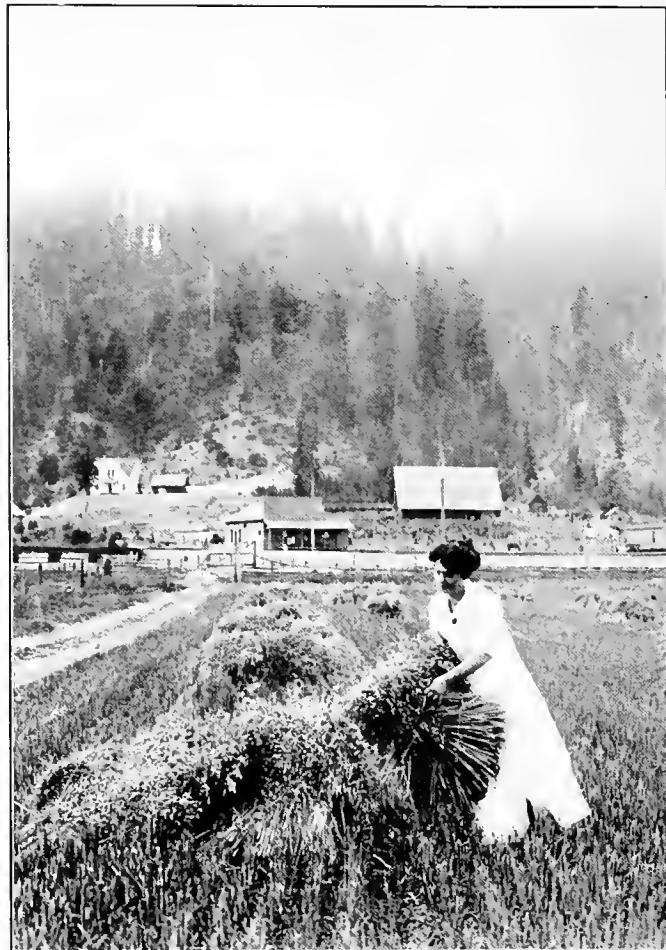
MY SWEETHEART OF OLD

I SAW her at first, a vision in white,
The Belle of the ball I went to that night,
Her eyes were of grey, her heart was of gold,
I am glad when I think of that sweetheart of old.

I took her to supper, her escort was mad,
We danced in the hallway, I knew she was glad,
Her figure so lovely, of exquisite mold,
Belonged to my dearest, my sweetheart of old.

And there in that corner, where darkness was great,
I stole several kisses, I think there were eight.
Her arms twine about me, my neck they enfold,
I am held by my darling, my sweetheart of old.

Today, when my hair is like silver, you see,
I still love that girl, she is dearer to me
Than all of the world, and no riches untold
Would I take—for one smile of my sweetheart of old.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

HARVEST SCENE
on the
"Milwaukee"
I. & W. N. R. R.

THE VISIT OF ST. VALENTINE

THE little Red God,
With Love's award,
Was looking for a sign,
When a Ladye said.

"Oh, friend in red,
I think the letter's mine;
He promised to write,
That very night,
I held his hand in mine."
But the God in Red,
He laughed—and said,
"I'm only—St. Valentine."

Then from foreign parts,
Came the King of Hearts,
Arrayed in raiment fine,
And each Ladye fair
Said, "I wonder where
The King is going to dine?"
"I wish for today
He would come my way,"
Said an old maid from the Rhine.
But the King, he said,
As he shook his head,
"I'm the guest of St. Valentine."

Then a little maid,
With eyes the shade
Of the skies, they were so blue,
Smiled up at the King,
As he placed a ring
Upon her finger, too.
Then the little Red God,
With love's award,
And the King who looked so fine,
Said, "Maiden, dear,
We will rest right here,
Both I—and St. Valentine."

THE GIRL WITH THE SOUL INSIDE

IT ISN'T the girl with the money;
It isn't the girl with the form;
It isn't the girl with the beautiful face,
Who will help you weather the storm.
It's the girl who's the splendid comrade,
Who don't wait for the turn of the tide,
That's the girl who will stick when the weather's thick,
It's the girl with the soul inside.

It isn't the girl who can dance well;
It isn't the girl with the clothes;
That you look at twice, though, of course, it is nice,
If by chance she should have all those.
It's the girl who will stand by you absent,
When you're knocked on every side.
It's the girl with the eyes, who will give the surprise,
It's the girl with the soul inside.

It isn't the girl who is sporty;
It isn't the girl who can drink;
It isn't the girl who is loud, and talky,
Who will help you make good—or think.
It's the girl with the gentle manners
Like mother—who'll ever abide—
It's the girl with the smile, that's the girl worth while,
It's the girl with the soul inside.

THE GIRL THAT'S IN THE DISTANCE

I AM sitting tonight, my Dearie,
In the room of my hotel,
All alone—and very weary—
With a lot I'd like to tell.
But I need my lovely comrade,
How I wish that she were here,
It's the girl that's in the distance
That always brings "Good Cheer."

Oh! it isn't the money, Dearie,
Though money buys a lot,
Nor the furniture, nor pictures,
Nor the things that you have got,
That can rest you for a minute,
Nor yet a comfort be.
It's the girl that's in the distance
That I need—to comfort me.

There are hundreds of women, Dearie,
There are women by the score,
That would suit most any fellow—
Just the kind that you'd adore.
But for me—there is just one woman,
With her lovely eyes alight.
It's the girl that's in the distance
That I'm thinking of—tonight.

THE FLIRT

IF I were a girl that had dimples,
And eyes that could tell stories, too,
I would make all the men look like "Simples."
I think that is what I would do.
I'd make them forget they were living,
The name of my street and their door,
And if they should say that they loved me,
I'd say, "Love a little bit more."



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

BEAUTIFUL HAYDEN LAKE

A MID the hills fed by the rills,
There nestles lovely Hayden,
Whose waters clear have held the deer,
As shy as any maiden.

That eagle's nest upon yon crest,
Looks down upon deep waters,
Where wary trout sometimes come out,
From wondrous secret quarters.

How sweet and cool is some bathing pool,
Where the sands are golden yellow,
While the mountain air from the heights up there,
Is always soft and mellow.

It tastes like wine from the richest vine,
With life 'tis ever laden.
So here's to the lake, for her own dear sake,
To lovely—sparkling—Hayden.

EL KATIF OASIS

THE SHRINERS

I RIDE like the wind on my Arab steed,
I travel the desert's hot sand.
And I look around for some friend in need—
I cannot tell where I shall land.
I fear for my life,—for there far behind,
See the bright spears flash in the sun.
If some friendly tribe, that is good and kind,
Don't come to my aid—I am done.

I am wounded sore, but there's help at hand,
For the Palm trees wave on the plain.
An O-a-sis rich, which shelters a band,
Who'll never hear me call in vain.
'Tis El Katif Shrine, that will fight my fight,
And bring me to sweet waters cool,
Their Nobles grand, are a wonderful sight,
Their steeds drink their fill at some pool.

So I bow my Fez, as the rising sun
Fathers a day that is new.
And I clasp the hand, of each Noble one,
As he gives me a welcome, too.
I am resting now, in our tents that dot
The plain with its waters clear,
And never again shall the sands be hot,
And nevermore—shall I fear.

ES SELAMU ALEIKUM !



SPOKANE



Palmer Photo - Spokane

THE CLEMMER

IF YOU get in a dilemma,
Just you go to Dr. Clemmer,
He will show you how the movies should be run.
You will surely be the gainer,
He's a princely entertainer,
And will take you from dramatic art to fun.

He is thinking of the city,
Gives us talent that is witty,
Shows the latest and the best things from the East.
There is nothing that is prosy,
Every house is neat and cosy,
In the last one you will find you have a feast.

AT THE PLAY

I DREAMED of a face—very lovely—
As she sat by my side at the play;
I held her soft hand in the darkness,
On the stage, it was light as day.

There the lover told out to his sweetheart
That story we all know so well,
And I sent through my fingers a message
That my lips had refused oft to tell.

She knew, what my heart had been saying,
Yet she said to me never a word;
But a sweetness—beyond all expression,
Through her finger-tips, made themselves heard.

And my heart, it beat quicker, and quicker,
As I looked in her eyes with delight,
I forgot—about time, and the people—
I wanted no night but that night.

The glory—I'll never forget it—
The sweetness—I dreamed it, you'll say;
Then I'll dream—let me dream on forever—
For she loved me—that night at the play.



TIGER HUNTERS IN INDIA

THE PEOPLE OF THE JUNGLE

KIPLING tells us much about the Jungle,
And how—the Tiger came upon the rock.
And how—the Panther paid the price for Mowgli,
And how—he gave the Bull—when they did mock.
And how—the Bander-log—the monkey people,
Carried Mowgli off to be their king.
And how—they hid him there among the Cobras,
And how—they sat about him in a ring.

And how—he took the Wolves, to be his brothers,
And how—he singed the whiskers of Sheer Khan.
And how—he made the herd to kill that Tiger,
And how—he stripped his skin just like a man.
And how—he tricked the Red Wolves from the Deccan.
And how—he made the bees to sting them dead.
And how—he jumped away out in the river,
And how—the Big Snake covered up his head.

And here—I have a picture, not of Mowgli,
But of the kind of people that he knew,
The hunters of the Tiger in a village,
Perhaps—just like the one he lived in, too.
I think the man that holds the gun tells stories,
I think the Ban Yan tree was there of old.
But if you want to read about the Jungle—
Why Kipling—can alone the tale unfold.



Primitive Mode of Transportation--The Indian Travois

LENT

I SAW a swate maiden of Irish extraction,
Wid eyes so daymure I thought them casht down;
But whin I looked at them a roguish expression,
Proclaimed them the prettiest eyes in the town.
I thought I would borrer a glance so enchantin',
So I made me request wid a manner intint,
But she smiled, as she said, "Your request I'd be grantin',
But you know I can't loan whin—tis already—LENT.

Now I wonder what manin' those words can be havin',
That is just what I'm breakin' me heart all about;
Does she mane it for me, or for some wan in Ireland?
I think—I will wait for awhile, and find out.
As Easter is comin', I'll kape on a thryin',
Then ashk for the girl, and shall know what she meant;
In the manetime—I'm waitin'—and wishin'—and sighin'
For Easter to come, for I'm tired of—LENT.



VERSATILE VERSE

By

John de Witt

Spokane's

Poet, Author and Song Writer

Contains

Cover Design by TUTTLE, Artist,
Spokane Chronicle

60 Pages 78 Poems and Epigrams

34 Large Halftone Pictures

Pictures illustrate Poems and show the wonderful scenery
of Spokane and vicinity and the Pacific North West.

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Price, One Dollar

W. J. McCOLLOUGH, Agent
404 Empire State Building, Spokane, Wash.

A PAGE FROM IRISH HISTORY

DID you know that old Rome was not built in a day,
And an oak may grow out of an acorn?
That Saint Patrick died first before having his way,
For his hearers were Pagan and stubborn?
That Ireland taught England's best scholars of old,
And no charge did she make for such learning?
Now England—turns Irishmen—out in the cold—
A poor way such a debt of returning.

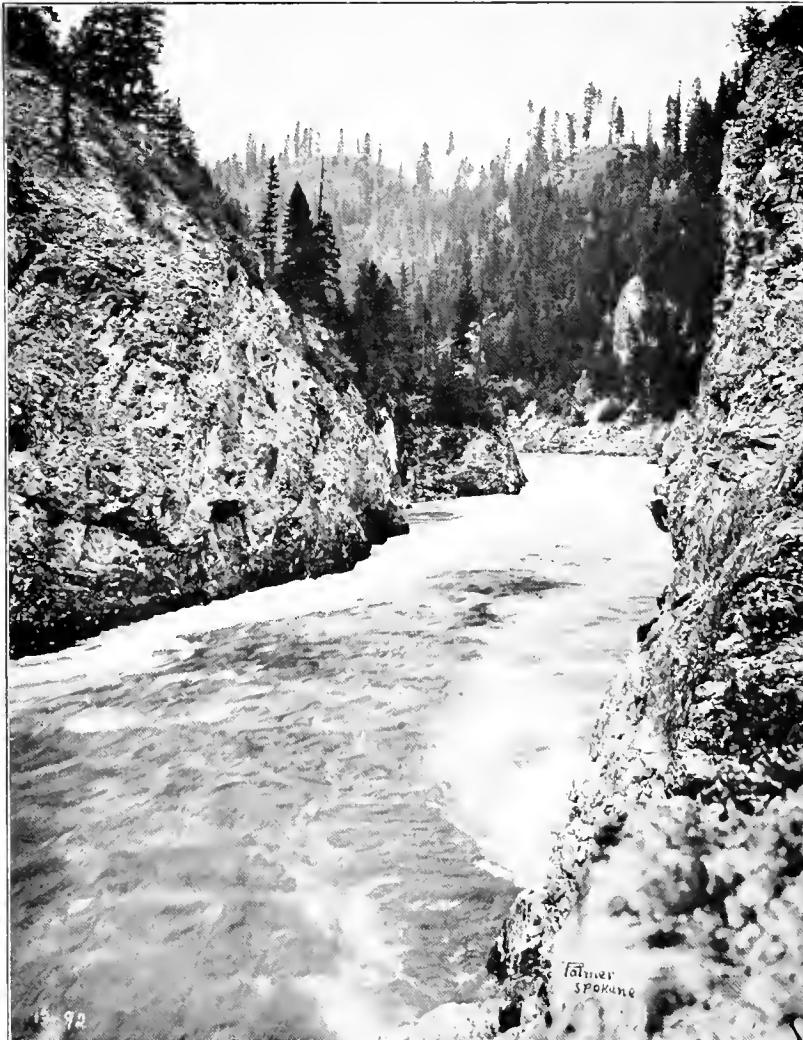
An Irishman's wit's like a Frenchman's champagne,
For it sparkles, and bubbles clean over;
He'll have the last word, and then answer again,
For there's none like himself as a lover.
An Irish complexion is envied world-wide,
For they're fresh as the lakes of Killarney,
There are some Yankee maidens I see on each side
Not averse to an Irishman's blarney.

In music, and art, and in deep learning, too,
Old Ireland stood once at the summit;
Her battles were fought by King Brian Boru',
For in valor, and pluck she's no limit.
Her crest is a harp, but a shamrock will do,
To tell where an Irishman comes from.
And her colors will soon blend, with red, white, and blue,
On account of America's welcome.

THE CRYSTAL RIVER
I SAW in my vision a river,
 Pure and crystal clear,
Flowing from out the throne of God,
 And of the Lamb, most dear.
Oh, River of Life, I love thee,
 Because on thy crystal stream,
Thou bearest the blood washed sinner home,
 On to the home of my dream.

His name shall be in our foreheads,
 We shall see Him face to face,
And shall not need the light of the sun,
 For He is the Light of that place.
We shall reign with Him forever,
 His bride and beloved are we,
Chosen before the beginning—
 Loved through eternity.

May you—sail upon that river,
 With its waters crystal clear,
And meet the ones who have gone before,
 The ones that you held so dear;
And hear again the voices,
 The river bore along,
Singing to you that wondrous strain,
 That everlasting song.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

BOX CANYON
Scenery on the "Milwaukee"
I. & W. N. R. R.

THE SMILE OF CHRIST

I STOOD within the great church aisle,
And on a window looked,
And there within the temple stood the Christ,
Portrayed in gorgeous colors, by
Some wondrous painter's art—
And on the face, a sunbeam must have strayed,
For all the rest seemed but to lie,
Within a shadow great.
While He, look down upon myself forlorn,
And seemed to read my heart so sad,
With many a sorrow torn;
And smiled, a smile of tenderness and hope,
Until the rest I long had sought,
Yet still denied to me,
Upon my soul, now fell like gentle dew.

Then from that organ great, there rolled,
A melody of sound
As if rejoicing with my soul, its rest,
The voices of the choir atune,
Sang there—in unison,
While silent teardrops from mine eyelids flowed,
In gratitude for all His love,
And tenderness to me,
A sinner great, from all his sin set free.
I walked toward the rector there,
Behind the chancel rail.
And kneeling, took communion at his hand,
Then rose, and passing out with joy,
Looked on the face again—
Of Him who died,—yet lived again—for me.

HIGHER CRITICS

OUT in the woods where God is,
It is silent and grand and fair.
For the woods bow down and worship him,
With Nature, everywhere.
There are no Higher Critics,
To pick to pieces a leaf,
For the oak that bore it, sways in the breeze,
Mighty in its belief.

The breezes say to the breezes,
We know the Master's hand,
He sends us in the summer,
To cool the parch-ed land.
The dewdrop touches the flower,
It looks up gratefully,
With thankful heart, and no foreign art,
Can make it doubt,—you see.

The waters sing to the rushes,
As the rushes play with the grass,
And laughing they swirl, as some branch they whirl,
And kiss the rocks as they pass.
But man,—takes the mind God gave him,
And fills it full of doubt,
And the very first chance, takes a critic's lance,
To cut the Master out.

THE GOLDENROD A MINUET

H, FLOWER of golden hue,
None can compare with you,
In beauty rare,
Or stately air.
Thy praises now we love to sing,
And cheerfully our homage bring,
Into your bower,
For one glad hour.

With symmetry complete,
As if on dancer's feet,
And gracious bow,
You greet us now.
While breezes tell their tale to you,
Soft whispering they loving woo,
In conscious power,
The Nation's flower.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

THE MOUNTAIN MAID
On the Northern Pacific R. R.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

DID YOU ever see a mountain Maid
In her funny old Sun Bonnet,
With just one piece of clothing on,
And not a ribbon on it?

Her feet all bare,
No shoes to wear,

A precious little rowdy;
Not much on style,
But a Heavenly smile,
And she calls out to you—"How-de!"

She's just as proud as any Queen;
You seldom hear her—cry.
She's independent as the sun;
She don't know how—to lie.

But should you call,
She'll give you all,

And never take a penny.
She's some on looks,
Not much on "Books,"
Because—she hasn't any.

She'll walk a good five miles or more;
She'll do without her dinner,
To tend Miss Ralston's sewing class—
This daring little sinner!

She'll sew a hem
That is agem,

With most the stitches wrong,
But you can bet
She'll not forget
To whom it will belong.

She'll sing like any Angel choir;
But pull a gun on sight
In case a neighbor living near
Should question Daddy's right.

But you may reach,
If you will teach,

This same crude Mountain Maid;
And just by love
Make her a dove,
Who once made all afraid.

ARCHDEACON WENTWORTH
Winchester, Ky.

Tells You How To Educate Her

YOU BET YER

I'M LIVING in a Western town,
A Tenderfoot all right.
The Country is like Dreamland,
To me a wondrous sight.
Its fruit and wheat and woodland,
Are revelations new,
The people they are splendid,
"You bet yer" that is true.

The one thing, I can't fathom there,
Is just a saying queer,
They use it at a wedding,
They use it at a bier.
I told a friend of mine, near death—
"A coffin I will get yer,
I guess you want the very best,"
He promptly said, "You bet yer."

I entered once a restaurant,
I ordered steak—for two,
The girl who waited on me went,
And brought—an Irish stew,
"I think I've changed my mind," said I,
"That is if they will let yer,"
She said, "I'm running this yer ranch—
What I say goes—You bet yer."

"You bet yer" this, "You bet yer" that,
'Tis everything, "You bet yer,"
They always say it with a smile,
And that's enough to catch yer,
"You bet yer" in a mining deal,
"You bet yer" when yer wed,
"You bet yer" what's the use to squeal,
"You bet yer" when yer dead.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

OH! YOU COON
Northern Pacific R. R.

"I WANT TO KNOW"

IF YOU'RE very fond of traveling,
And you only have the means,
Just you travel in New England,
And you ask for Boston Beans.
They will take a week to cook them,
For they bake them awful slow,
Just remark, "Well, that is funny."
They will say, "I want to know?"

When about to order dinner,
For dessert then order pie,
They will give you squash, for pumpkin,
And brown bread instead of Rye.
They will give you pie, for breakfast,
You will find it all the go,
Just remark, "Well, that is funny."
They will say, "I want to know?"

They will tell you, all things center,
In their own beloved Hub
That they have the finest gardens,
Filled—with every foreign shrub.
They will use the strangest language,
Built of words, from long ago,
Just remark, "Well, that is funny."
They will say, "I want to know?"

They've a ballot—called Australian,
Used in Mass-a-chu-setts, there,
Which suits all the honest people,
Just because it is so fair.
But Ward Heelers do not like it,
For it is their deadly foe.
Do they think—that it is funny?
Is a thing I—"Want to know."

MY DINING ROOM GIRL

WITH eyes blue as Heaven,
And cheeks twice as fair,
A girl stands there waiting,
Just—back of my chair.
She passes me quickly,
The new bill of fare,
But—how can I order,
With her standing there?

Please give me some coffee—
With eyes blue on toast,
Two lips—like twin cherries
I mean—a rare roast.
Those cheeks like peaches,
I should say—the pie.
I don't think I'll order—
It's no use to try.

And while I am traveling,
My brain seems to whirl,
For there in my vision's
My Dining Room Girl.
But—midst that sweet dreaming,
I feel—a rough shake
And "Show up your tickets!"
I get—for her sake.

THE DRUMMER'S SWEETHEART

A LITTLE girl with curls of gold,
Waits at my chamber door,
And says, "Why did you stay so long,
You said you'd come before.
I'se waited for you, most fwee days,
I knew that you would come,
An' bwing me, in your sample case,
A lot—of Chewing Gum.

"I'se nursed my dollie awful long,
An' played wis all my toys.
I pretty nearly felled asleep,
A-lookin' at some boys.
A girl as small as me can't wait,
So long for Pa to come,
Jes tell your twade—to huwwy up,—
Your best girl—waits at home.

"Jes take me wis you, for one twip—
I'll not be in the way,
But pwomise—to keep awful still,
When samples you display.
At night, I'll sleep close by you, dear,
Wis arms tight wound your neck,
I'll help you wite your letters, too,
In Ma's we'll send a check."

God bless these little tots of ours,
That rule us in their sway.
They make us mighty homesick too,
When many miles away.
But when we do return again,
And meet them at our door,
These—are the kind of sweethearts that—
We "Drummers" do adore.



THE DRUMMER'S SWEETHEART
Her Kitty
And Her Colored Mammy

THE OLD TIME COOK

GOOD morning, Auntie, how do you do?"
"Jes' toller'ble, thank you, how is you?"
"In trouble, Auntie—as I'm a sinner—
I have no cook to cook my dinner.
And I want a dinner like they have down South,
Where everything seems to melt in your mouth.
Do you think you could come and cook for me,
And fry some oysters, if I get cel-er-y?"
"Kin I fry oysters, honey, let me try,
An' I make dem white folks open dere eye,
An' de nice fried chicken dat I kin cook,
Would make a preacher fo'git his book,
An' de nice corn puddin', an' de sweet potaters fried,
An' hot biskits sittin' right dere by dere side,
De cookin' skules may be all right,
But de old time cook am out ob sight.

Whose gwine ter make er pie like mine?
You taste it once, you think it fine.
De Smiffield ham jes' baked to er turn,—
Dese College cooks got er lot ter learn—
Miss Lucy done come back from de Norf,
From dat cookin' skule and playin' gorf,
She come in my kitchen, an' spile my batter,
An' all ob de aigs, till I say, 'What's de matter?'
So I put her fixin's onto de shelf,
An' jes' done cook all de things myself.
Den de white folks says, 'Miss Lucy great cook,
Jes' see what she learn from the cookin' book.'
But I jes' laf fo' de cookin's mine,
An' I laf and laf when dey say, 'It's fine.'
So honey, when you wants yo' cookin' done,
Jes' send fo' me, an' I'll help you, Son."

SNOWBALLIN'

I 'SE only jes' er little girl,
What boys delights ter tease,
But, someday I will do wis dem
Jes'—what-ever I do please.
For Mamma says, when she was young,
She made the boys all dance,
At-tendance mos' the time on her—
You jes' give me er chance.

I wiss my hands was awful large,
I'd take a big snow-ball,
And soak it big an' good an' hard,
An' hit bad Billy Gall.
Fer yesterday he washed my face,
I wiss I had a beau,
Then he would throw bad Billy down,
An' roll him in the snow.

I'se only jes' er little girl,
What plays wis dolls and sings,
An' goes ter school, an' tries to learn,
Ge-og-ra-phy an' things.
But—someday, I will have a beau,
What's big, an' fine, an' slick.
The fust thing he will have to do,
He'll have Bill Gall—to lick.

An' I'll stand by, an' clap my hands,
An' laugh an' dance with glee,
An' say, "Bill Gall, I'm gitting hunk,
Fer what yer done ter me.
Yer washed my face, an' filled my neck,
Wis melty wet cold snow."
Then I'll kiss Jim an' take his hand,
An' to ther church we'll go.

I'll marry him, an' buy a house,
An' from ther window sill—
I'll throw snow-balls, an' land each one,
On nasty—measly Bill.
An' when I git er family,
I'll raise all boys—until—
I git one—big enough ter lick,
Big—nasty—Bill.

SOMETIMES

DO YOU know—that I sometimes like flowers,
That sometimes—I like to be kissed,
That sometimes—I spend weary hours,
And sometimes—I long to be missed.
That sometimes—I'd like to dress well, dear,
Like others I meet on the street,
But husbands—are sometimes like others,
And sometimes—forget you are sweet.

Do you know—that I sometimes like music,
That I love to sit still by your side,
That sometimes—I think you've forgotten,
That day—when you made me your bride.
That sometimes—I listen and listen,
For the words that you spoke long ago,
When you said, "You're the dearest of women,
The loveliest woman I know."

Do you know—that I sometimes don't know, dear,
Why you've changed—for I love you the same,
That I gave you the best that I had, dear,
That day when you gave me your name.
I'd give all the world, if I owned it,
If sometimes—you would smile upon me,
And make me the happiest woman,
If sometimes—my sweetheart you'd be.

ANCHORED AT LAST

THE storms of life over,
My harbor is made.
No wind of adversity,
Makes me afraid.
The future all sunshine;
The sorrows all past;
Thy breast is the harbour,
I'm anchored at last.

Safe in thine arms, dear,
My heart thy guest,
Never again to part,
Thy love the best.
Faith at the masthead;
Hope holding fast;
Happy, contented,
I'm anchored at last.

How sweet are the moments
With you by my side;
Thy counsel is precious,
Thy wisdom my guide.
No need of another,
My die it is cast;
I've given thee all, dear,
I'm anchored at last.

THE STORY OF THE PIGS

ONCE upon a time there were some little pigs,
And they lived right under a hill.
There were five little pigs and a mother-in-law,
So you see she had lots to fill.
She hunted all around, to find something to eat,
For four, they did stay at home.
But one, he was as bad, as a piggie could be,
For he loved in the fields to roam.

Now this little pig went to market one day.
Now tell me, dear, where did he go?
While this little pig, stayed at home, so they say.
Now tell me, that is if you know.
And this little piggie had roast beef so nice.
Now what kind of meat did he eat?
While this little piggie had nothing but rice.
With sugar to make it taste sweet.
This little piggie said, "Queekie-Quee-Quee,"
And ran away home all alone,
Because, all the rest of the piggies, you see,
Had eaten up, every last bone.
So this is the tale, of the pig fam-i-lee.
There were four—just as fat—as could be,
But one, he was thin, and as black, dear, as sin,
That's the one—that said, "Queekie-Quee-Quee."

She read them a lecture on how to behave.
And she promised that clothes they should wear,
And if they would be good as little pigs could be,
She would take them all to the fair.
But the bad little pig he fell into a pot,
That was full of black paint, you see,
So that is the reason this piggie was black,
While the rest—were as brown as could be.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

WHICH IS THE NAUGHTY PIGGIE?
Ask the
"Milwaukee" R. R.

THE WORKING GIRL

I KNOW a girl who should be a Queen,
Because her heart is of gold,
She is always thoughtful, and mighty sweet,
She is never loud or bold.
She is not as pretty as some I have seen,
But I look at the girl beneath,
And I feel like crowning her every time
With the victor's laurel wreath.

She is not very rich, nor yet very poor,
But works hard every day,
She'd give the last cent she had in the world
To drive your sorrow away.
She has always a smile like a sunny morn,
And no cloud is in her sky,
And she makes you think that life's worth the while,
And there's always use—to try.

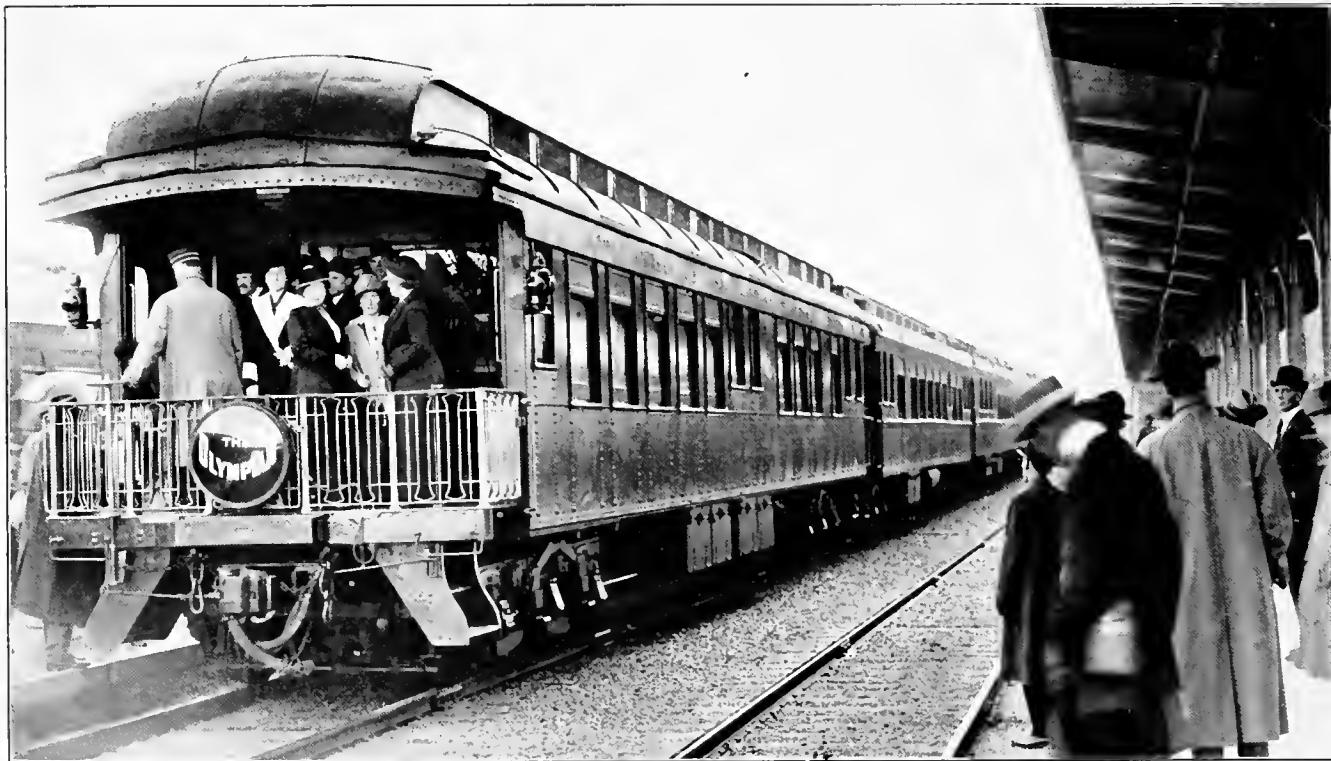
So here's to the girl—with the golden heart;
And here's to the girl—with the song.
And here's to the girl—who can always smile,
When everything goes dead wrong;
And here's to the girl—who works each day,
No matter what she may do;
And here's to the girl—with the sunny smile,
Who keeps you—smiling too.

PARADISE AND YOU

WERE I to go to Paradise,
And you were not there, dear,
I'd never stay there very long,
I think—I'd come back here.
For in that most delightful clime,
I'd feel quite out of place,
If I should meet the best from earth,
Yet—miss your lovely face.

I'm more to you than faithful friend,
Your lover true and tried,
And never quite so happy, dear,
As when I'm by your side,
I think I know about it, dear,
Is Paradise so far?
No—Paradise is always near,
Because—it's where you are.

So I will be your faithful friend,
And all the rest beside,
I'll build a Paradise for you,
And there we'll both reside.
I'll build a wall so high, my sweet,
No harm can come to you.
I'll build it, all round us both,
A Paradise—for two.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

THE "OLYMPIAN" FLYER
of the
"Milwaukee" R. R.

THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL

IF YOU ever want to travel,
And you have the ready money,
And you want to see the scenery and all,
Take the road that gives the service,
Take the road that's cool and sunny,
The Chicago, the Milwaukee and St. Paul.
There you'll see the two Dakotas,
With their splendid farms and wheat lands,
Old Montana, with its richest mines and clime,
While the brakeman at each station,
Calls aloud with great elation,
As he snaps his watch, "We've just arrived on time."

There are wondrous lakes and valleys,
With the coolest shady alleys,
Found in I-da-ho and in fair Wash-ing-ton,
Though her terminal's Tacoma,
Yet I smell the sweet aroma,
Of the roses Port-land grows, in rain and sun.
If you want to be so still-oh,
Then the porter gets a pill-ow,
With a smile upon his face, and on his lip,
He will bow, and scrape, and patter,
While the children 'round you chatter
But for goodness-sake—please don't forget his tip.

If you feel like eating dinner,
Why their diner is a winner,
Where the Steward sees you get the best of care,
And you order something tempting,
Cooked to order, not exempting
All the other good things from their bill-of-fare.
All the coaches they are yellow,
The conductor's a good fellow,
Who will answer every question—if he can.
He will be polite and pleasy,
But just go a little easy,
For remember, he is only—just a man.

They've a train of fourteen coaches,
With a single engine hauling,
Which is pulling just a million pounds by power,
And controlled by brain and muscle,
Makes that train of steel—just hustle,
For they're going over forty miles an hour.
Then the road that's ever ready,
With the train that's fine and steady,
And the railroad that will always have the call,
Is the one with cars of yellow,
Each conductor—a good fellow,
The Chicago, the Milwaukee and St. Paul.

GOOD MORNING

GOOD Morning, everybody
I'se not vewy old.
I'se wishin' for Muzzer,
For my feet are cold.
An' my bathin' suit,
Is up on the beach.
I'd like to have it,
But it's out of reach.

I'se only a baby,
Wisout any clothes.
An' the water is deep,
Just over my toes.
So come, and kiss me,
An' hold me tight,
An' love me a lot,
Then I'll be—all right.



DAWN
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MY PUBLIC LIBRARY GIRL

I KNOW a Public Library Girl,
So dignified on duty,
That I can't understand—why she—
Will have her hands so sooty.
Her dignity, may be all right,
But don't with dirt agree,
Yet—when I look into her eyes—
Why she and dirt, "Soot's" me.

She said, "Have you read London's Book
'John Barleycorn'—'Tis new—
Why it is only fiction,
Perhaps—it will suit you."
"I think that I like Shakespeare,"
Said I, "His works are true,"
I wonder if you've ever read—
"The Taming of the Shrew"?

A friend of hers, then standing near,
With dimples in each cheek,
And eyes that set you dreaming,
Then sighed, as she did speak,
"Oh! I love Mary Johnston,
With heroes ever bold,
I just adore that book of hers,
It's name, "To Have and Hold."

WHAT YOU MISSED

I 'M JUST a little Girlie,
With a lovely Psyche knot,
What loves a little petting,
And don't like to be forgot.

They say, I'm right good looking;
That my eyes are like the sea,
I'd like to show them to you;
Then I know you'll think of me.

I'm very fond of candy,
And would try to eat a pound,
In case you call this evening,
And should chance to bring it round.

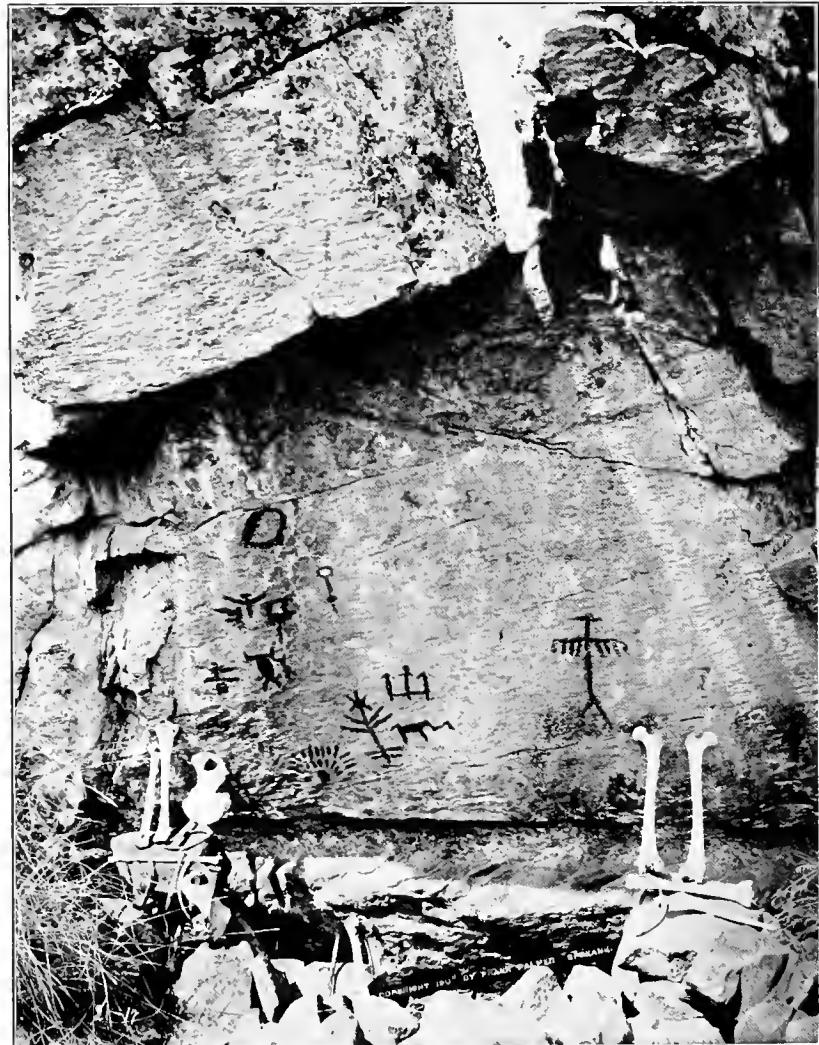
I'll sit upon the sofa,
While you take the big arm-chair,
And let you tell me stories,
While you're sitting over there.

And all the time you're talking
I'll be thinking what you've missed,
As I sit here on the sofa,
Just a longing to be kissed.

For I'm just a little Girlie,
With a lovely Psyche knot,
What loves a little petting,
And don't like to be forgot.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE

I WONDER, Chief, what story you could tell,
If you were here again, alive and well?
What means that writing on the rock?
What tales are hidden in your tomahawk?
Perhaps, some history would change, if you could talk—
And out of the shadows—you could speak, and walk.
Live again—your mustangs at your side—
Ready for a ride.
Your warriors—fierce and tall—
Await your call.
And as you turn, and see them lined—
You ride like the wind.
On ponies fleet, with wondrous seat,
They follow on behind.
Into the battle front you go,
Face to face, with waiting foe.
Their dead unsung. Their nerves all strung—
Just like a bow.
Then—as morning sun expels the fog and damp,
You circle round their camp.
Now for the coup!
With many a whoop, you lead your troop,
Right in their midst, to live or die,
For victory is nigh.
Shots are heard—from every gun a flash—
With waiting foeman now you clash.
Except the trickling of some water rill—
Soon—all is still—
And as you ride away, with martial tread—
Behind you—lie the dead.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE
on the
Northern Pacific R. R.

COLLEGE DAYS

I AM a University man,
My College days are over,
But now I look 'way back on them,
And think I lived in clover.
The dear old Campus, where one night,
We fixed the Freshmen up all right.
The time we painted Mullin's calf,
Would make a lot of Deacons laugh.

The same old bunch, in the same old room,
Old Hank—and Buck—and Wiggles—
The grind we had, till the crack of doom,
And the girl who had the giggles.
The Prof. who taught us all our Math—,
Who tore about, and showed his wrath.
That same old girl, who loved us all,
And came—to every Annual Ball.

I love to think, of those dear old days,
Of the football team so classy,
Of the time we licked the other team,
To the smiles, of every lassy.
So here's to splendid yesterday,
To checks my Father had to pay.
I hear again that College yell,
And hurry—at the Chapel Bell.

Good night—old friend, I toast thee standing—
For I must button down the lid,
My telephone is now demanding,
My place at home, with every kid.
So here's—to splendid yesterday—
To the time we had in clover,
To every dear old fellow there—
And the—College days—now over!

CLOVER CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

OH! Clover—Jolly Clover,
I long to see your face,
I wish that I could go again
Some Thursday to the place
Where people—wondrous clever—
Meet at the Bellevue
And offer hospitality—
To a selected few.

Be careful, what you say, my friend,
Or they will call you down.
They do it with a smile, you know,
They don't know how to frown.
And when the Darby Ram comes on,
They sing with all their might,
And make you glad that you have come,
To know a Clover night.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

VANISHING RACE on the "Milwaukee"
I. & W. N. R. R.

THE VANISHING RACE

WE RODE the plains upon our mustangs fleet;
The wild-flowers smiled up from our ponies' feet.
We hunted, where we liked, in wood or plain,
But now—we have no peace—we hunt in vain.

The Buffalo have gone—they are no more.
The deer are scarce—the White Race at our door.
They drive us back, and take from us our land,
And with their—fire-water—scatter every band.

In each clear mountain stream, and lake we fished,
We placed our Tepees, when and where we wished.
We watched the Eagle fly, up to the sun.
But now—we say—"Goodby—our race is run."

SUNSHINE SUE

I'se Sunshine Sue—
Jes as good—as you—
Only I laffs,
An' I chaffs,
While you'se—jes blue.

I'se Sunshine Sue—
Jes as good—as you—
Only I talks,
An' cake walks,
Co-til-yon-you.

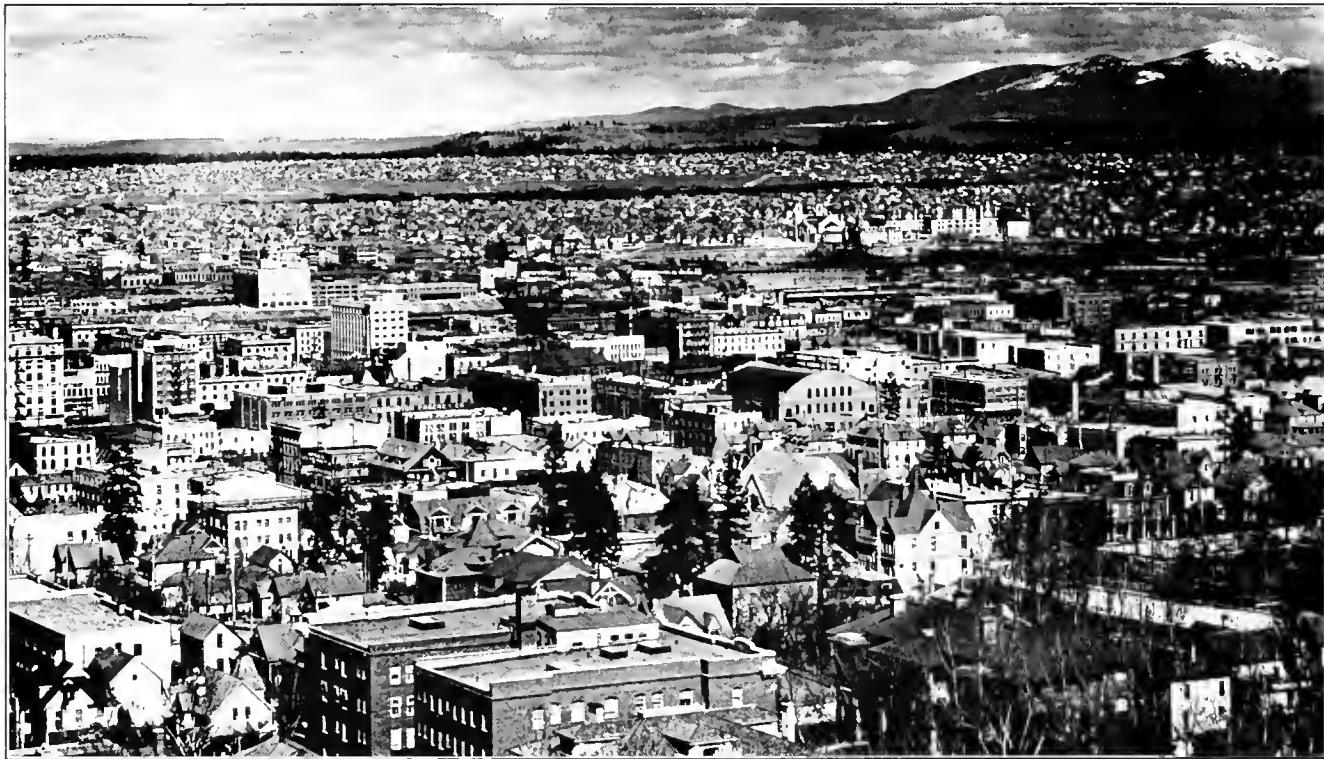
I'se Sunshine Sue—
Jes as good—as you—
Only you'se style,
Wid yo pile,
I done beat—you.

I'se Sunshine Sue—
Jes as good—as you—
Only I'se black,
Dat's er fac',
"Po' white trash"—you.

I'se Sunshine Sue—
Jes as good—as you—
When I die,
I'se er gwine high—
Doan know—'bout you.

THE HOTEL CLERK

WITH a smile that is bland,
And a pen in his hand,
You should see the old clerk
Give his book—a quick jerk—.
Then your name you are bound,
To sign—as it swings 'round.
But you do not rejoice,
At the sound of his voice,
As he calls, with a grunt,
"Will you hurry up, 'Fiont'?
Show this man to the roof,
Where he may be aloof,
From the rest of the world."
And his lip, it is curled,
And he says, "Though up high,
You'll be nearer the sky,
Then in case of a fire,
Time's saved—going higher.
Oh, a drummer, you say?
Then, bell-boy, step this way,
Let this—Gentleman—rest,
In the room we call best,
And as long as he stays
You do—just as he—say-s."



Palmer - Photo - Spokane

SPOKANE

WHERE the sun kisses the hills,
Where the prairies roll outward at your feet,
Where the river flows onward through a canyon;
Where myriads of wild flowers bend their graceful heads,
Filling the air with perfume, and making you think of heaven.
Where the hearty hand-clasp, and splendid welcome,
Awaits every true man;
There lies—Spokane.

Where the air tastes like wine,
Where cooling breezes play a symphony about your hair;
Where the "Chinook" winds melt the snow in a night;
Where smiles, and sunshine, and laughter,
Chase each other, in and out, every day,
Like children at play;
Where tomorrow—seems like yesterday—
There lies—Spokane.

A NEW YEAR'S TOAST
TO EACH
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN THE
UNITED STATES

NOW here's to the Spirit of '76,
And here's to the Year just gone.
And here's to the faces of those we shall miss,
And here's to the hearts all forlorn.
And here's to our guests who are with us tonight,
May they live to be with us next year.
And here's to the ones who are next to our hearts
Whom we toast from the midst of good cheer.

And here's to the City's magnificent growth,
And here's to the men who will pull,
And here's to the laborer, hardy and stout,
May his dinner pail always be full.
And here's to the buildings that soon will be built,
To the Railroads, that bring the crowds in,
And here's to the man with the faith and the pluck,
To the fellow that always will win.

And here's to the Preacher, and here's to the Press,
They're all of them boosters, all right.
And here's to our Chamber, the best in the world,
As she sits at her banquet tonight.
And here's to the things she has already done,
And here's to the things she will do,
And here's to the men who have helped her make good,
And here's to the New Year, too.



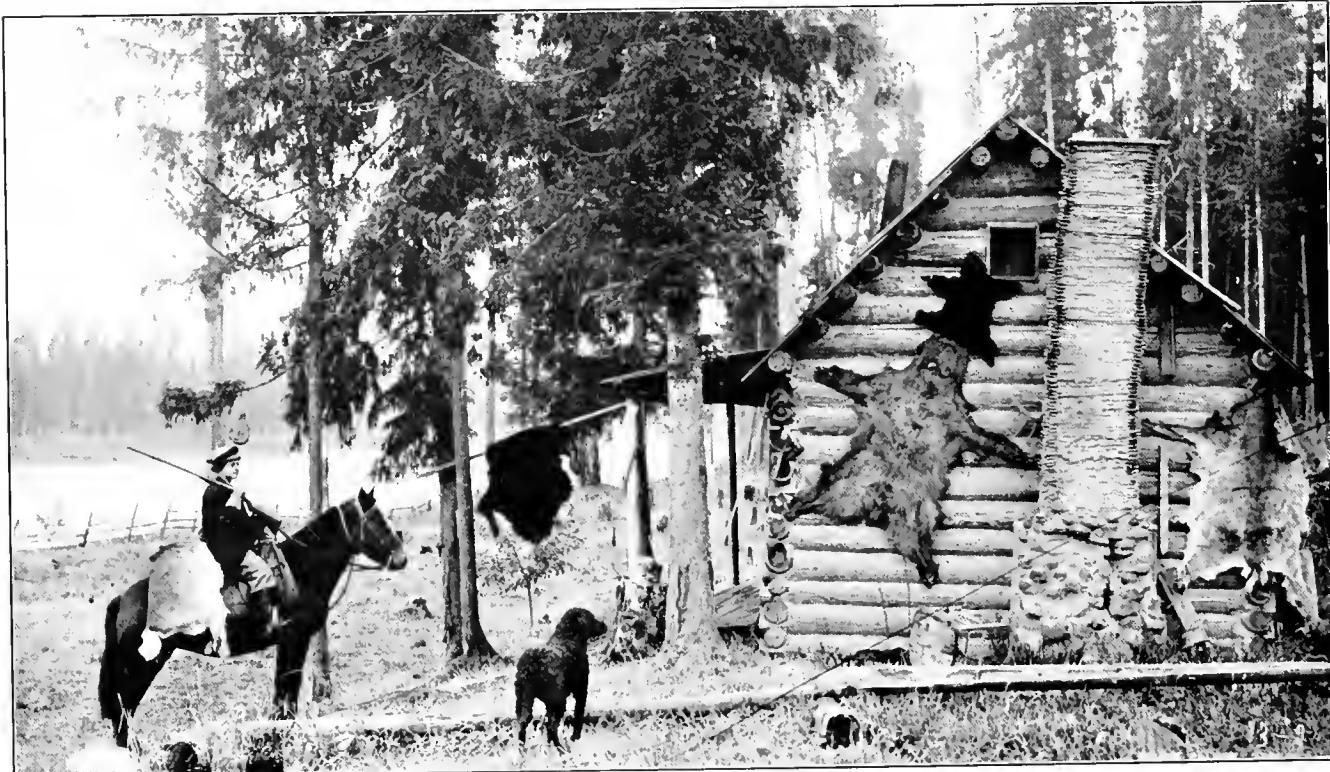
THE GREAT BIG BAKED POTATO

W HOSE baby are you?
Everybody's—and yours, too.
How much do you weigh today?
Two pounds—and a lot more they say.
In what year were you born?
In 1909—one early morn.
Where do you live, my pretty one?
On the N. P. diners—on the run.
What is your name? It sounds like Cato.
I'm called—the Great-Big-Baked-Po-ta-to.
What name, my child, does your father bear?
Hazen J. Titus—known—everywhere.

THE GREAT BIG BAKED POTATO

WHEN sitting in the diner of a North Pacific train,
What pleasure then to order, for you order not in vain,
That Great Big Baked Potato, why it melts right in your mouth,
It tastes just like the good things—that my Mammy made down South.
'Tis filled with melted butter and is split from end to end,
And once that you have tried it, you will tell it to a friend.
'Tis mealy and delicious, and will fill the inner man,
And should you chance to travel, why you get it if you can.

But if you're in a diner on some other kind of train,
It seems to me you'll ask for it, but you will ask in vain,
They'll offer you, some other thing, to try to take its place,
And if you travel often, you will find this is the case.
So don't seek disappointment, on some other fellow's line,
But get, what you are looking for, when going in to dine,
The Great Big Baked Potato, you will surely, always see,
When riding, on the diner, of the road, they call—N. P.



Palmer—Photo—Spokane

CABIN on the "Milwaukee"—I. & W. N. R. R.

A TOAST TO BOHEMIA

HERE'S to a pair of bright eyes,
You can easily guess whom I mean,
They're the sweetest and dearest that I've ever seen,
They belong to the Lady, who sits over there,
Who is witty and charming and lovely and fair,
I've searched the world over, somehow—they're the dreamier
Because—I have found them—at last—in Bohemia.

MY STENOGRAPHER

THE DREAM

I KNEW a girl with eyes so bright,
She'd lighten up the darkest night.
Her eyes are of a lovely hue—
I don't know whether black or blue,
But as they look into mine own,
I realize they'd melt a stone,
For in their roguish glance I see,
A something—that well pleases me.

Her voice is music, at its best,
Her figure, trim and neatly dressed,
She keeps her fingers on the "keys"
And tries in every way to please;
And then she's full of sentiment,
A girl whom Heaven must have sent;
And while you speak, she has a way
Of "taking down" each word you say.

I do not think again I'll write;
I'll talk—and watch those eyes so bright—
Their changing hue—the while cast down.
That figure trim, in dainty gown,
And as I leave to catch the train,
A lovely vision will remain;
While in my heart there's such a stir—
All caused by "My Stenographer."

THE REALITY

Alas! 'Tis but a fading dream,
I even now can hear the scream
Of my two kids upon the floor,
While wife stands scolding at the door,
And were it not that I were wed,
I think that I'd "dictate" instead;
But should that girl take wedded state,
She'll then "dictate" as sure as fate.

YOU

I 'M SO lonesome,
Awful lonesome,
As I sit, and think,
Of You.

And I wonder,
Often wonder,
Why I ever do it,
Too.

'Tain't your money,
Oh, my honey,
Nor your clothes, nor looks,
It's You.

There are faces,
In some places,
Better looking, dear,
Than You.

It's the feeling,
Comes a stealing,
When my soul—goes out—
To You.

So I'm waiting,
Just—a-waiting,
For to get a glimpse—
Of You.

MY TELEPHONE GIRL

I KNOW a little Girlie,
Who runs the telephone,
She is a little Queenie;
She sure deserves a throne,
And when I call up Central,
She says, "What number, please?"
And I forget the number,
She's like a summer breeze.
She's sure a lovely Girlie,
Her voice is like a dove,
So sweet, and soft, and gentle,
Her last name should be Love.

Sometimes I send her flowers,
So she will think of me,
And help her pass the hours,
Until that girl I see.
And when the other fellow,
Butts in upon the line,
She does not do a thing to him,
This little girl of mine.
She says, "The line is busy,"
And should he anger show,
He finds himself then talking,
To the Supervisor—Oh.

MY MANICURIST

I KNOW a manicurist,
With a manner all her own,
And when she is not working,
I get her on the phone.
She fixes up my fingers
Then I take her to the play,
And somehow, wish she'd fix my fingers,
Yes—most every day.

I have a little bungalow,
With the orange trees in bloom,
And the loveliest lot of furniture,
'Tis blue—that's for a room;
And then I'll get the Parson—
He'll fix it up all right,
And when the other fellow comes,
I'll say—"Good night."

PLEIADES

IF I were going on a journey,
I'd not travel over seas,
I'd travel along the Milky Way
On to the Pleiades.
For there, I'd meet the people clever,
With hospitable gates ajar,
Each one a World, within themselves,
Each one a brilliant Star.
But when you take them as a cluster,
Your eyes are dazzled by their light,
You wonder how you missed these years,
That named their meeting Night.

COMRADES

Two Minds, alike in thought,
That never—can be bought;
Two Souls, that reach through space
To either one at any place;
Two Hands, that fellowship invite,
As they clasp each other tight,
Are Comrades true,
In Body—Soul—and Spirit, too.
Two in one, and one in three,
United—for Eternity.



BABY JEAN

THE dearest eyes,
Like stars they shine,
I'm glad she's mine.
Here's a surprise,
Guess whom I mean?
Why —it's Baby Jean.

Her eyes are blue
Just like the sea,
She belongs to me.
I love her, too.
In her little bare feet,
She's mighty sweet.

Take all the rest
But leave me Jean,
My little queen,
She is the best.
I think she's fine,
And she's all mine.

MY CREED

I BELIEVE in Spokane—its past, its present, its future.

I believe it to be the healthiest City in the World. Its altitude, and efficient Health Officer, who guards its every exit and entrance, make this a certainty, and Spokane a City of homes.

I believe in its Commission—hard-headed business men, who think of Spokane first.

I believe in its Chamber of Commerce and its splendid membership.

I believe in its Ad Club, of which all may well be proud.

I believe in its railroads—it took money and brains to build them. It takes grit and courtesy to run them.

I believe in our Public Library, and its management. It is a great instructive force.

I believe in the new Davenport Hotel—the man it is named after—the artist who designed it, and the men who financed it and made possible this splendid hostelry of hospitality and beauty.

I believe in our newspapers. The destiny of our country and of the people lie in their hands.

I believe in our schools and their ability to direct minds in the proper channels.

I believe in the power for good of our churches.

I believe in our Insurance Companies, especially the Western Union Life, with its record of twenty millions in eight years.

I believe in our banks and their stability.

I believe in our capital invested and the business men back of it.

I believe in our working people who make it possible for invested capital to succeed.

I believe in our women and their splendid personality—what would we do without them?

I believe in our professional men and their advanced ideals and their ability to help us make good.

I believe in being a booster all the time, and in making everyone else believe we have the best City on earth.

Yours sincerely
John deWitt

Epigrams

THE INFLUENCE OF LOVE

KNOWLEDGE is power,
Position makes friends,
Money opens doors,
But all will make you wait
Outside of heaven's gate
While Love alone can take you through
And leave a tender memory behind you

TODAY

Sometimes I wish that it were yesterday,
And sometimes I wish it were tomorrow,
But why should I borrow
The sorrows of tomorrow
When I have all the sweetness of yesterday,
With all the sunshine of today?

THE TRUE MAN

The TRUE MAN is the INNER MAN,
Who looks out of the OUTER MAN,
And touches the HEART of the OTHER MAN,
And makes of him ANOTHER MAN

SOCIETY

A little bit of crying
A whole lot of lying,
And very little sobriety,
Make up what we call, "Society"

HOPE

Turn your back
Upon the Tears of Yesterday,
And look forward
Toward the Smiles of Tomorrow

KISKIMINETAS

FOR THE FIRST TIME in a long time, I have been able to sit down and write a column without being interrupted by a telephone call or a visitor. I have been able to sit down and write a column without being interrupted by a telephone call or a visitor.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

It is a rare and welcome change. It is a rare and welcome change.

OR DUCK, BUT PLUCK

WHEN the mother
is looking blue,

the son is shining,
and the father is

the help,
so on, going

Do you expect
We previous troubles
On the side

Do you like
Do you like
Do you like
Do you like

Do you like
Do you like
Do you like
Do you like

Do you like
Do you like
Do you like
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Do you like
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